

you, with all your lady loves, which means no offense.

"I'll do it," answered Ransom, after he had a look at Miss Lane.

Some of the folks tried to stop it. They said Miss Lane was a heartless young woman to sell herself in that way. But it seemed that she had the same idea as the mayor. The film company had done well by her and she meant to do well by the film company, which was only a little eastern affair and wasn't rolling in money. They had very considerably allowed her to break her contract and she meant to give them a good send-off.

Incidentally they were already reaping so rich a harvest that they saw one error theirs and raised the price of votes to a dollar. Nobody kicked.

Incidentally, also, it might be added that Miss Dorothy, being a determined, strong-minded girl, had what was called a pull with Pres. Harding, who had promised to buy as many votes as he could afford in order to keep Miss Lane for Peterson's Monument.

Then somebody interjected a side-issue. It was all very well for Peterson's Monument to get Miss Lane, but why should such a prize go to Ransom, who would probably grow tired of his wife inside of two months; and not to Rex, the pharmacist, who was very popular among the girls.

"Let the girls settle it among themselves," suggested little Alf Peterson, whose father's grave had given the name to the settlement. Alf's father had been the only man scalped by Indians in the 20th century and the town had celebrated its just distinction by raising a memorial to him.

Then a hideous jest was perpetrated. Somebody put in Klaxon's name as that of the most popular man. And at the end of the first of the four weeks Klaxon led the list with 593 votes, Ransom coming second with only 425.

Now Klaxon was a jest. Some one had perceived the way he looked at Miss Lane, who treated him as the dirt beneath her shoes. Klaxon was too shy to open his mouth in the presence of a girl. Klaxon was a good little fellow, but popular? No! He was everything else, but not exactly popular.

"If we don't settle on Ransom Red Gulch will run away with the prize," groaned the mayor, when Red Gulch made a sudden spurt and headed the second week's voting with Ed Simmons, the stenographer, counting 1,179. "We've got to pull together."

What was Miss Lane doing all this time. Chatting and flirting with the boys and having a good time. She seemed entirely heartless.

I knew she wasn't. It was this way. I came upon her and the manager, chatting together in the front of the hotel, and before I had time to get away I heard her sobbing.

"Now see here, Miss Lane," said the manager, "just you give me the word and I'll can the whole business. It only started in fun, anyway. You said you thought it would be fine. Now if there happens to be some other young fellow—"

"There isn't one," sobbed the girl. "I don't care whether I get married or not. One man's as good as another, I reckon. No, I've given my word, and I'm sport enough to see it through."

The manager was a good-hearted fellow, but he had no particular wish to forfeit \$13,000 that were going to take the show on to San Francisco, and so he didn't urge the girl. But I came away with a new view of the situation.

Meanwhile, who was backing little Klaxon? That was what everybody wanted to know. At the end of the third week the score ran as follows: First, Ed Simmons, 1,872; second, Ransom, 1,755; third, Jennings of Burntoven, with 1,664; fourth, little Klaxon, with 1,475.

Who was putting money into